



I Was the Catch of the Season Put On A Happy Face

There's A New Look Relax, Darle At Play Frothy Ritual \$1.50 ESN Vol. 3, No. 5 ADULTS ONLY



Spies







Who Cares If The Gravy Train Never Arrives – Pictorial

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IF YOU'RE A GAD-A-BOUT

...go places ...do things... here...there... everywhere!





VOL. 3, NO. 5

November, December, January Issue

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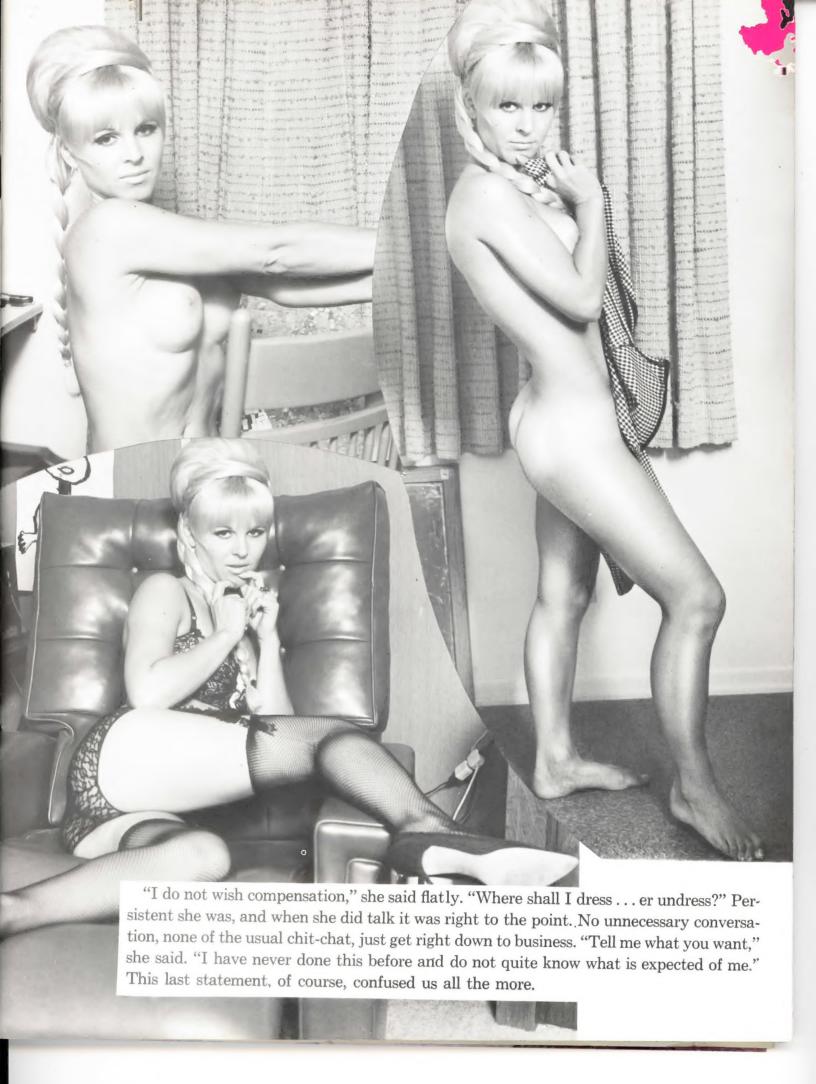


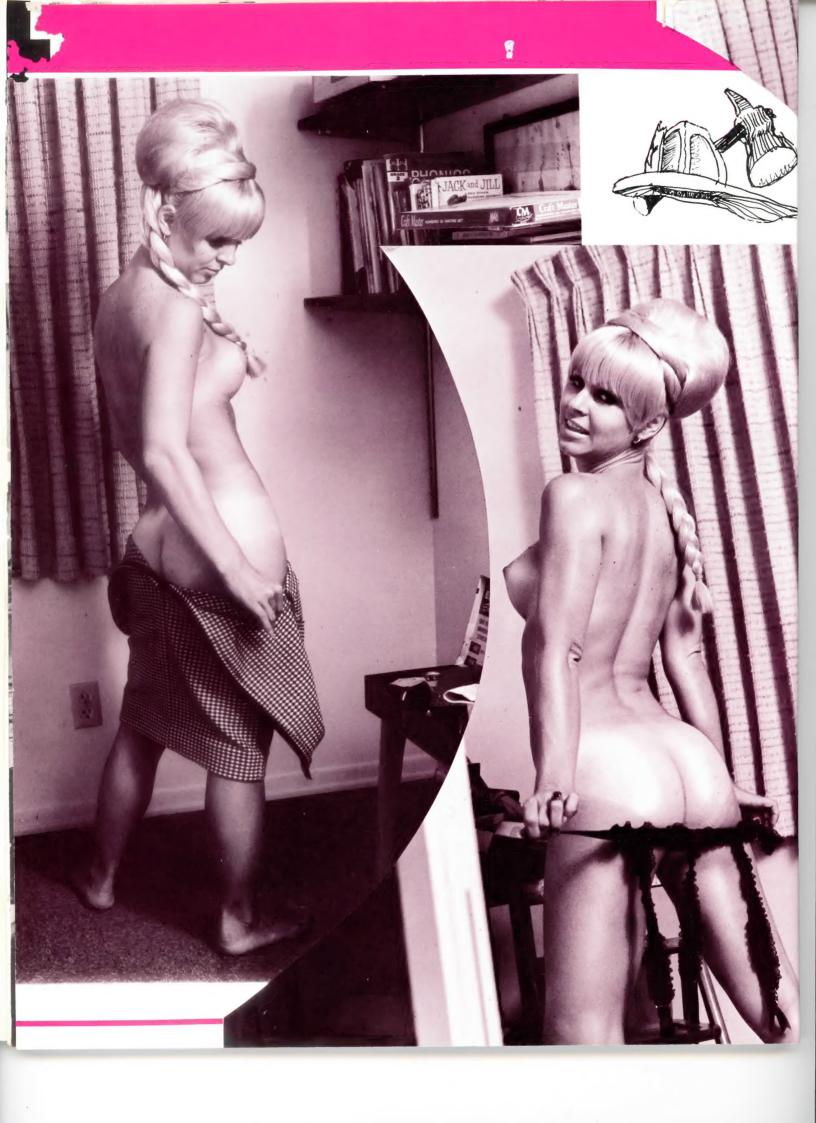


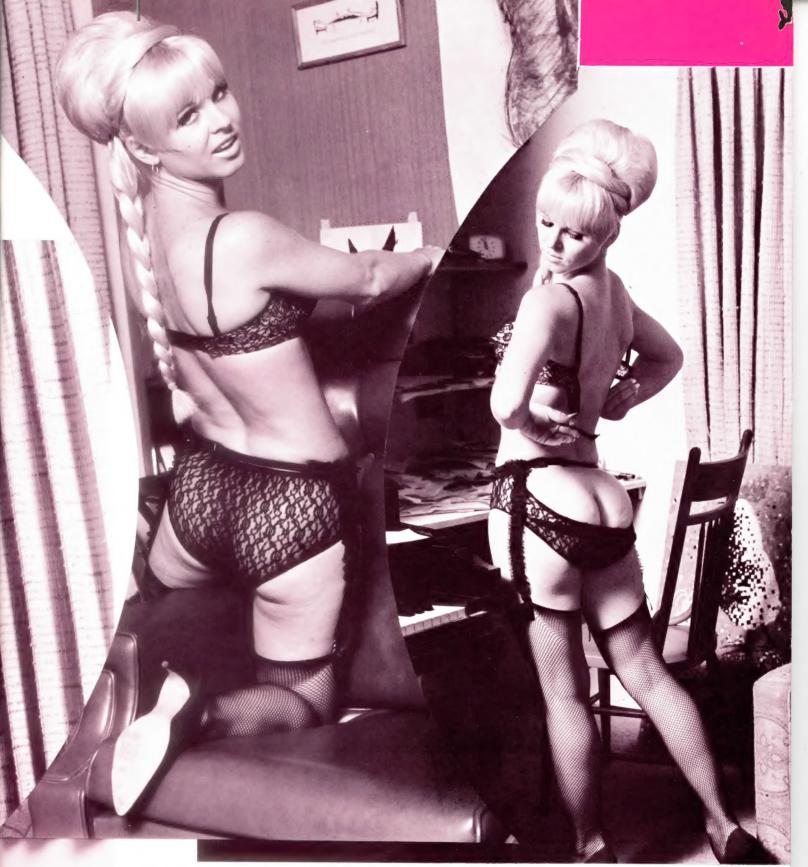












She arrived in a chauffeur-driven Jaguar, completely unannounced and equally unexpected. "I understand," she asked, "that you are looking for figure models. I wish to pose for your magazine." That was it, simple, sweet and right to the point. "Are you aware," we asked, "what the modeling fee is? It is understandable that a woman who drives up in a chauffeur-driven Jaguar must have been misinformed as to the remuneration involved—she was obviously very well off.











Peter And the Motive

Simplicity was his theory of perfection but it had one fatal error!

Inspector Grayson lifted his brandy snifter, savored the pungent fumes, and sipped slowly. There was a fire in his den, a comfortable leather chair, and a long well worn upholstered sofa under the wall of books just opposite the cluttered desk. Peter Masters, young philosophy lecturer at the university and old friend of the Inspectors, sat on the couch. He was drinking coffee, taking small and nervous gulps of the hot liquid between quick puffs of his cigararette. Yet for all his abrupt mannerisms, he spoke with a calm detachment.

"But surely, Inspector, there have been murders that have never been solved. There has in fact been a "perfect" crime committed many times over. How do you account for that?"

"On the contrary, Peter, there is no such thing as a perfect crime. That is, of course, when we speak of crime as being something with motivation. And murder, my friend, almost always has a motivation. You see, in every instance of murder, the victim knows the killer well."

"Then why isn't every murder solved?"

"I said in a *crime* of murder. I'm ruling out the acts of maniacs, and those are the most difficult to solve. If a person gets it into his head to kill just for the simple act of killing, he would be wise to select a stranger as a victim, kill him and then just go about his life as he had always. Since the police take every murder as being the act of someone close to the victim, a killer who has never seen the intended victim until he kills him, there is no way to ever catch him. But that situation means insanity. For murder to be a crime, it must have one or more of the accepted motivations, passion,

fear, greed. You know."

Peter Masters snuffed out his cigarette and drank the last of his coffee. "I suppose you're right, Inspector. But what of the perfectly sane person, like the murder I could commit by walking down the street and beating someone

on the head? I mean, suppose I were to leave here now, drive over to a neighborhood where I'm unknown and pick at random a victim and kill him?"

"You'd be caught, Peter."

"But you said that a murder without motivation by a stranger would be nigh impossible to detect."

"True. But I said you'd be caught. Your conscience would turn you in. You'd be unable to live with yourself after killing another human. Or has the philosophy business made you indifferent to human life?"

Peter Masters laughed and rose from the sofa. He was a tall thin young man, but with wide shoulders and powerful arms from years of tennis and a daily workout of handball. His head was large, as if to emphasize the fact that he had been a Phi Beta Kappa at twenty and a university lecturer at twenty-two. He was, in short, the golden boy of his generation. A product of wealthy parents, he also had the mental capacity to accept the challenge of intellectuality that the best schools in America and Europe could offer. Yet he was not a snob. His students, after an initial hostility because of Peter's youth, grew to admire him, came to respect in full quota of awe his amazing gifts.

"Well, enough murder for tonight, Inspector," he said, picking up his sports jacket and slipping into it. "I know you must be tired, and I have an early class. Thanks for dinner and when you write dad, tell him that I'm getting along just fine on my salary. His last letter contained a thousand dollars, more money than I really know what to do with."

"I wish this old policeman would just once be able to say that. Okay, my boy, I'll tell him to make the checks out to me, for your food bills if nothing else. Goodnight, Peter. Will we see you Sunday?"

The young man stopped at the door, held onto the knob and nodded his head. "About two?"

"Fine. We'll have a roast beef, but come early, and we can continue our discussions of crime and murder."

Peter said another good night and left. The night was darker than usual. without moon or stars, and at this hour, Peter thought, without much light from any houses. He walked over to the curb and stepped into his car, lingered a moment before inserting the key in the ignition, then made a decision to start up.

It took him less than ten minutes. As he came into the parking lot by his apartment, he suddenly felt more

see if it could be done, and it could be done. He knew it. He knew it, and the titillating idea bounced cheting against corners of hidden emotions that Peter himself was un-aware ever existed.

dictory thing he had ever done. Never since he was old enough to remember had he eaten anything but

too early for his first class, and it made him more nervous than usual.

No planning would be necessary, he told himself, A crime of murder is outline of what would happen ran through his mind in spite of him-self. He knew as he sat behind the suited for the nosy mass of humanity to be asleep, some stranger to him would die at his hand.

'Is anything wrong, Mr. Masters?" girl had entered the class and was staring at him wide-eyed. He looked back at her without being aware of really seeing her, then he realized that she had been speaking

"Ah, no. I was just trying to iron out a little problem that came up last night. Interesting kind of thing that has held me puzzled all all morning. I'm sorry if I drifted so far away that I was unable to see my

first student arrive."
"It's all right," the girl said, dropping her gaze from Peter's face and looking at her shoes. Peter thought he detected a blush, but then the girl was gone to her seat and soon the

room began filling up.

basis of western philosophical thought, reaching back to Socrates and leap-frogging to occasional divergent ideas of Hegal, Nietsche, but with a clarity that his students understood. But Peter himself felt that something was missing. He would pause at odd moments and proper channel. Murder came up to his forethoughts and he had to push it aside to get at the business at

Peter's other classes went almost the same way, if anything, they were worse. He felt taut as a drumhead by the time he dismissed his last class of the day. Three cigarettes and sev eral cups of coffee did not help, but he kept himself from reaching for the tranquilizer pills he carried because the tension was necessary and

most extraordinary manner.

Again his laugh cracked the silence of his office as he thought of what his psychiatrist of so long ago

hypertension: murder.

The mirth did not last, and for the

job. The thesis before him seemed remote. He thumbed through the showed promise, but on reading it, he was dismayed that he couldn't follow it and had to go back and

fessor," Peter said with a pained expression. "I thought I'd run out and have an early supper and get a long

no rush, but you were the one who asked me over. Well, take care of yourself, I'll see you tomorrow."

ing about it until...well, until, he said to himself with a smile.

Dinner was perfunctory, a salad, a steak and still more cups of cofhe was calm on the outside. The expected shaking of his hand did not appear nor did he perspire any more than usual. A good omen, he thought and he finished his supper.

an alibi, he did not bother making an elaborate excuse to account for his time. There were no movies he wanted to see. No books he had to have from the library. No one to

invite to his apartment.
It was very much daylight when before he could carry out his theme, his premise for murder, as he had already began calling it. He picked

sweater. No need to have the incum-berances of a jacket, a thing with buttons which might get lost or threads that could be impaled on a

more wells (mounts than on/one entity timinglet. He put on a pair of cuttles soled analysis and tele that he was some dressed for the most day lag part of his causer.

The street was deserved, its dock-ness before early by the server of light directly under the server burgs Peter did not drive. Cars made resid and luci lease plate and were perensemble of the state of the st the a polymental mest due recor-

ured the stude of questions and school the beating of his boart.

A cought were residing to a corrup ahead of him on one must and be crossed over to remain out of sightbut they were involved with their own pressor and areas not have are him as any rate. They were the only signs of terminally the build in sig blocks of rapid withing

Then so be turned the source of a turned by build source been to to be., be seen his custim. The seed of the block in from at him, withing soully and bent over no it in thought or in the errord (with of a journituse). Peter was too fer energy to know from see ing, not far away in his pion for the perfect came for carriers. He walked welfally and projects on the color of swiftly seal quietly on the soles of his rather sizes making sounds burdly hader than the breathing of

He closed the paging half a block quarter of a block. Still the same did not turn our basies his stride. A car good past, extening Peter brailiantly in its headlights, but ming main too but to over he of significance, Then Peter was only a few years behind

title man

He came up a yard behind him. Now, he thought, that then be sculdn't recide't here is. There was no weapon at hand, Peter halded, letting the hump backed man walk-on in the private march as Peter stual frames to the payment in a screaming ofence of studdity. He turned on bosself and current that fealibly of mind which could group the most material descript the arctist minds of civilization, but larger that even the must perfect musticers musti-A WHILE DESCRIPTION

Peter middly put his wite insettor and god down in other Town, under the parkage car, by board a stort length of pipe. When he came have not all the allies, he would not see the man turning the he correct.



It took Peter loss Smit three minalies to come up as close to the man are its lead beyon before. Then Poier was only a few feet away. The nam walked on without turning and without shawing that he knew aminute was behind non, if indeed he knew. The pipe cought the man behind

are with a soft arouching sound. Peter Inmight the pipe down upon and again. Enough cried a voice in-side And Peter stopped. But noticed in ran. Just walk quintly and realthy using from the man whom Peter knew was dead with a crushed shall. that who was the man? No need to know, Teter said, and he walked

Slegg came fidulty, but it came in a relaxing release of the pentup tensize he had felt all sky. Soft and emiracing deep quiet for the fin-

gled survey.

He awake feeling estimated, exhilerated at the shought of what he had secomplished. Perfection had

been actived. Peter's investigatives the same as the morning before, and he were at il wife new gusto, savocing the instes of open and sausage and the bitter riph homes of the coffee. He would not clause this day, to thought, and slooped enting hing enough to reach out and pick up the plane. He made the call to the school and returned to his load.

The thesis was limished. There was nething also to do ... but no. It existent by this way, he thought. Then he houghed at himself. No, he said aloud, there will be no oc-mission, neplantite for the brilliance of the Musters canning. Purs unintentional, he said gayly, and dressed quickly. First stop, the tresestand for an account on the most befling ease the police have come up with in young he said to himself imitating

the secondal shoot's tone.

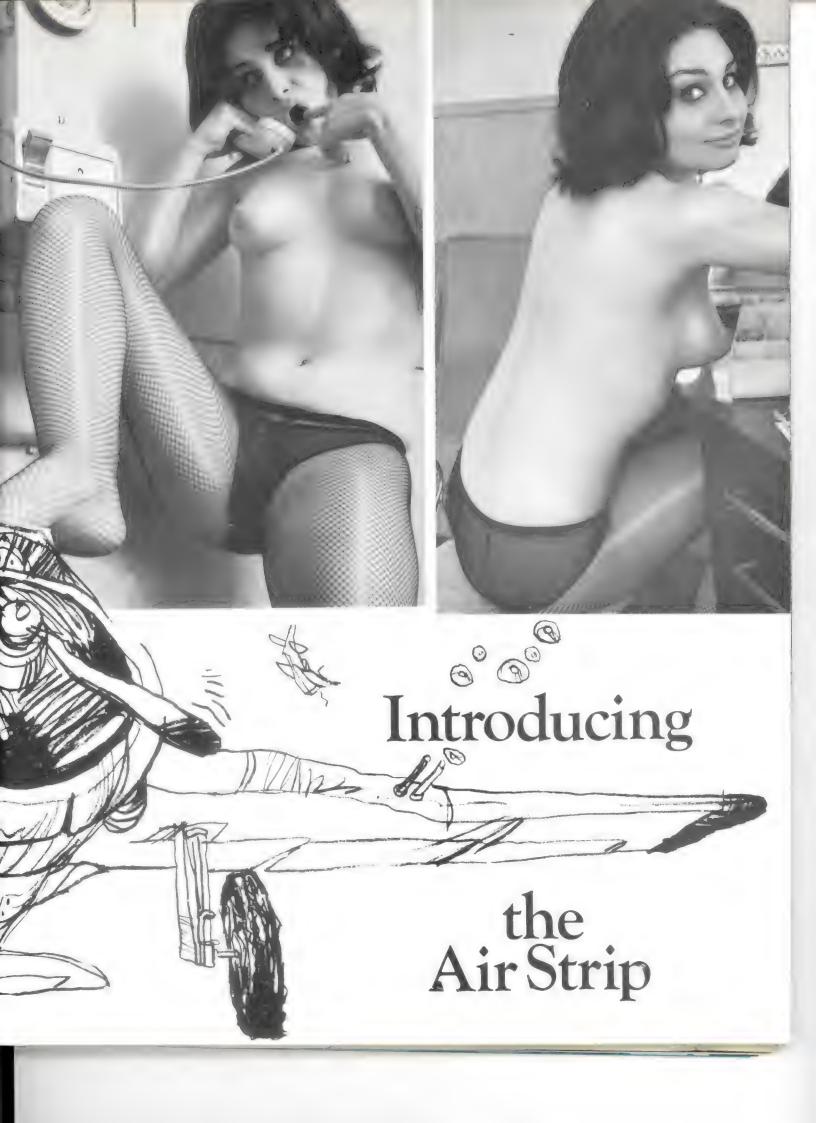
Peter wellerd markety shown to the entries, glamped once the papers on the sand and seemal sepresal that the crime did not blast out at him in searcheads. An continuolo-in-South America dominated the news. Early edition? Of source, by answood himself and returned home to wall for the next papers to some out. His

radio esseno help offer.
The spectrum treatmentally over with the scandows open. After se hear of waiting 19 to could take it no man and to left to calle about in freedom, a beliative from the ploads-ing mixels of the classes as succession at enwire anticipation of what the taves would my about the mus-der. He walled down streets and over prevenent that was strongs but est infamiliar

And he suddenly esilind sity. He turned the next comes and stood Irozen in his path. It couldn't be-He made a stratigled senses that he would be keep incohe, but it was a sessant of severe and it had to come out to pierra the cithere of the day. light. The old near wish no twisted back was still these with a seel of sticky durings amond to be an brod

We've been writing for your Peter, the Impertor and quietly, "Pity we'll never be able to shield our document of murder. You almost much much state to be a selected to the state of the stat are much too brillians for the clo-mentary asserts at morder. This is: meetice fit his page. "You forms that the criminal always colling to the screen of the crime. Now do you want in will me the whole stray? Power Airghed. He was troughing all the way to the palients.

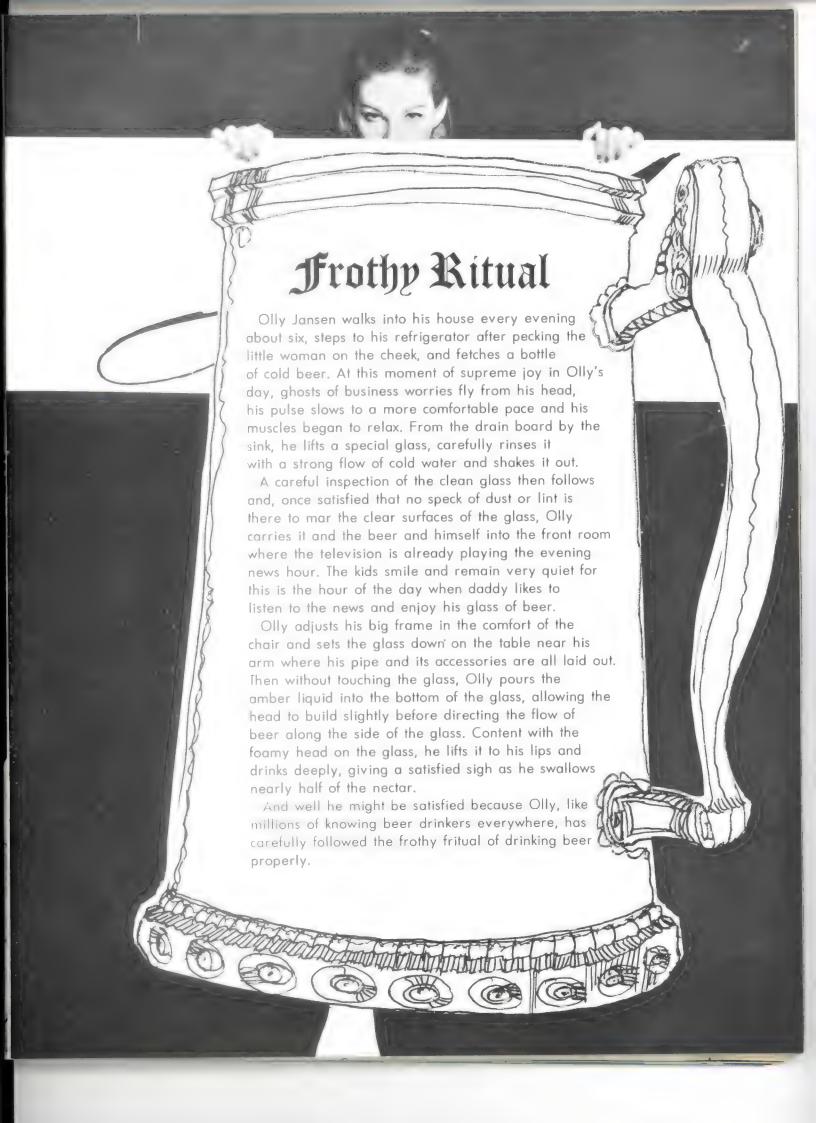












Frothy Ritual

For a beverage so universally popular as beer is, there are suprisingly a horrifying number of people who do not mind drinking beer from a bottle or a paper container, of people who actually pour their beer down the side of the glass, carefully eliminating any kind of head whatsoever and of others who would not touch a drop of the golden drink unless it was bone-chilling cold. If you happen to do any of the above traversities to this noble drink, you're missing a lot of enjoyment.

In the first place, the real experts, the brewers themselves will tell you that a good head on a beer is very desirable since it captures the carbonization and holds for the length of time it takes to finish a glass. Not only that, it provides the beer with a chance to get "aerated" a little, thus liberating any stagnant or dead bubbles which would flatten the beer quickly.

Obviously drinking beer right from the bottle is hardly the way to give it a good head, but then if it's a hot dry day and you just don't happen to have a beer glass handone that is wet and one that has never been used for anything else but beer-it's our guess that few guys would refuse the drink. The same thing is true for drinking beer out of paper containers. Beer drinkers, even the most finicky ones, would hardly expect to have a set of glassware around the emotionfilled arena of a baseball park. But except for that place, there's just about nowhere else where one would have to accept a brew from a Dixie cup.

While most would agree that American beer should be served cold, there is still a good argument for not having it so bone-jarring cold that it makes one's teeth chatter. Brewers and experienced bartenders tell us that the lager type most often served in this country is best about forty-five degrees, plenty cold enough to stave off the effects of 90-degree heat waves, but not so frigid as to mask all the flavor.

Lager, however, is not the only type of brew throughout the world Although certainly this bright, clear and lightly flavored brew is the most popular, there are other types which should be tried out once in a while.

There's ale, and although quite popular among foreign born citizens, it's heavier flavor and more bitter taste have never caught on as well as lager.

Bock beer, of course, is almost a laugh in this country. The real bock is a dark carmel color beer that is much sweeter than lager, although in this country, it most often tastes no different than lager. sometimes, it tastes as though ordinary lager were merely given a brunette rinse. Since bock is a seasonal drink, being prepared in the cold weather for the coming spring, it makes a few sales in March and about six weeks thereafter.

Porter and stout just about wind up the brewers' bag of tricks. The former is a very dark ale, heavy coffee-cream colored head and highly recommended as a nighttime tonic for frayed nerves. Stout is an even heavier, darker ale than porter and for most Americans at least it takes some experience to get used to it.

Both porter and stout should be served at room temperature, but keep in mind that England and Ireland, the native home of these heady brews, have room temperatures that are a helluva lot cooler than American steam-heated apartments. Take that room temperature guide and make it about sixty degrees.

The Japanese have a drink which many Americans feel is beer and it is often dumped into the same category. Sake is not a true beer, however, and rightfully it should be classed as a wine or even a brandy. Refermenter from rice grain, it has, as any ex-G.I. once stationed in the Orient will tell you, a helluva lot more alcoholic content than American beer. Still it is not a beer. But the Japanese do make some great beer. Try some Asahi some time for a taste treat. It's a light brew, clear and clean to the taste, but with a completely different flavor than lager.

There are those who hold that beer can make an excellent base for a mixed drink. That may be, but the only combination of a beer with anything else is that fabulous Canadian and English blast called a Black Velvet, made with equal portions of stout and champagne. Even if you like neither stout's pungent flavor nor the effete taste of champagne, you'll more than likely love a Black Velvet. The stout loses a lot of its bitter flavor and the champagne takes on some guts. Strictly a man's drink, although the gals will swill it down with the best of us.

The classic boiler-maker is rarely made today. That old-time favorite actually mixed the bourbon and beer. Today's drinkers prefer a straight shot with a beer chaser, and although not a true boiler-maker, it's got the name.

From Russia comes an interesting use of beer. Some of our state department people have reported tasting and liking the following: a cup of beer, a teaspoon of honey heated to just below boiling. This writer confesses to acute nausea just at the thought of it.

This is not to say that some might love it, and the only real revulsion in the above concoction is the addition of honey. Beer can be enjoyed while hot, in fact at one time it was served that way in winter time—with a hot poker plunged into the steaming mug!

Stepping aside from merely

drinking it, beer is an excellent "liquid" for cooking. Try braised short ribs or pot roast, substitute beer for the amount of liquid

But anyway you might take your beer, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that it is one of the most healthful beverages ever devised by man—and also one of the very first! In the first place it's not over-fattening, having only about 100 calories in the eight-ounce glass. It also contains vitamins B-1, B-2, B-6, carbohydrates, calcium, niacin, and phosphorous—and also about three and one-half per cent alcohol—which is about the only reason a lot of people prefer it to ginger ale.

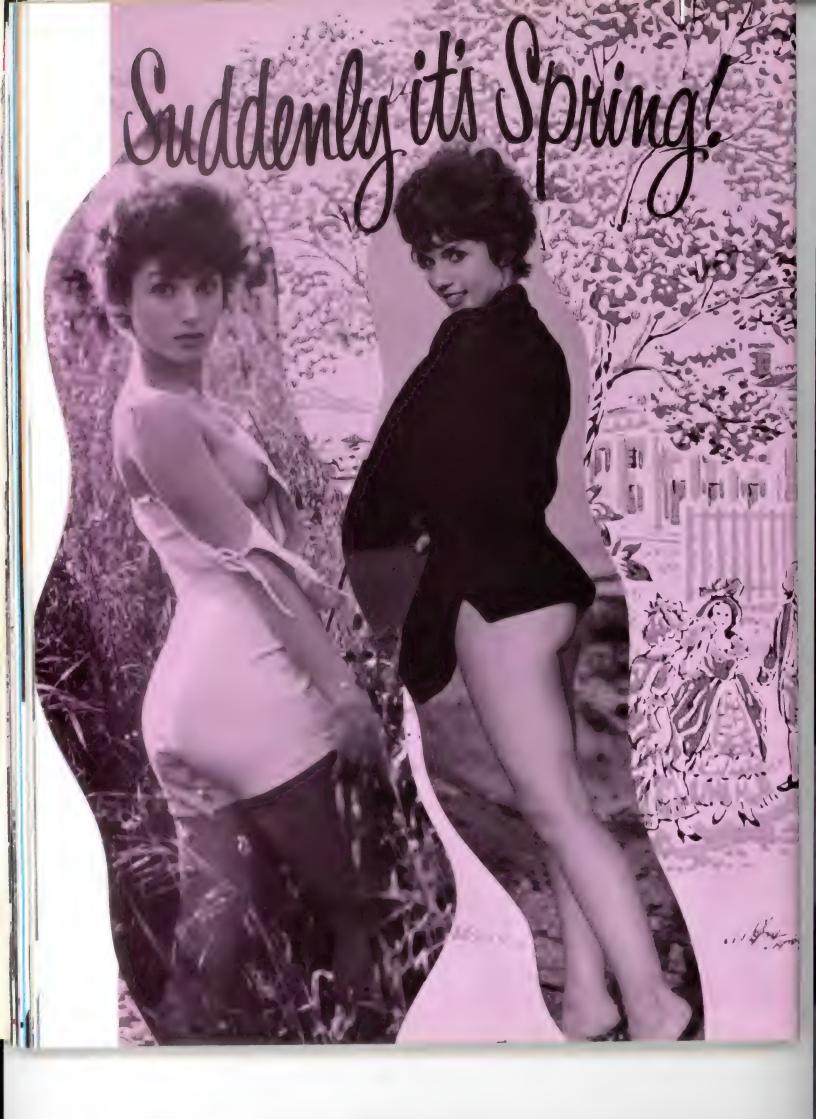
So drink up, but don't let your head get flat!



"I didn't want to leave before I thanked you PERSONALLY for your hospitality!!"







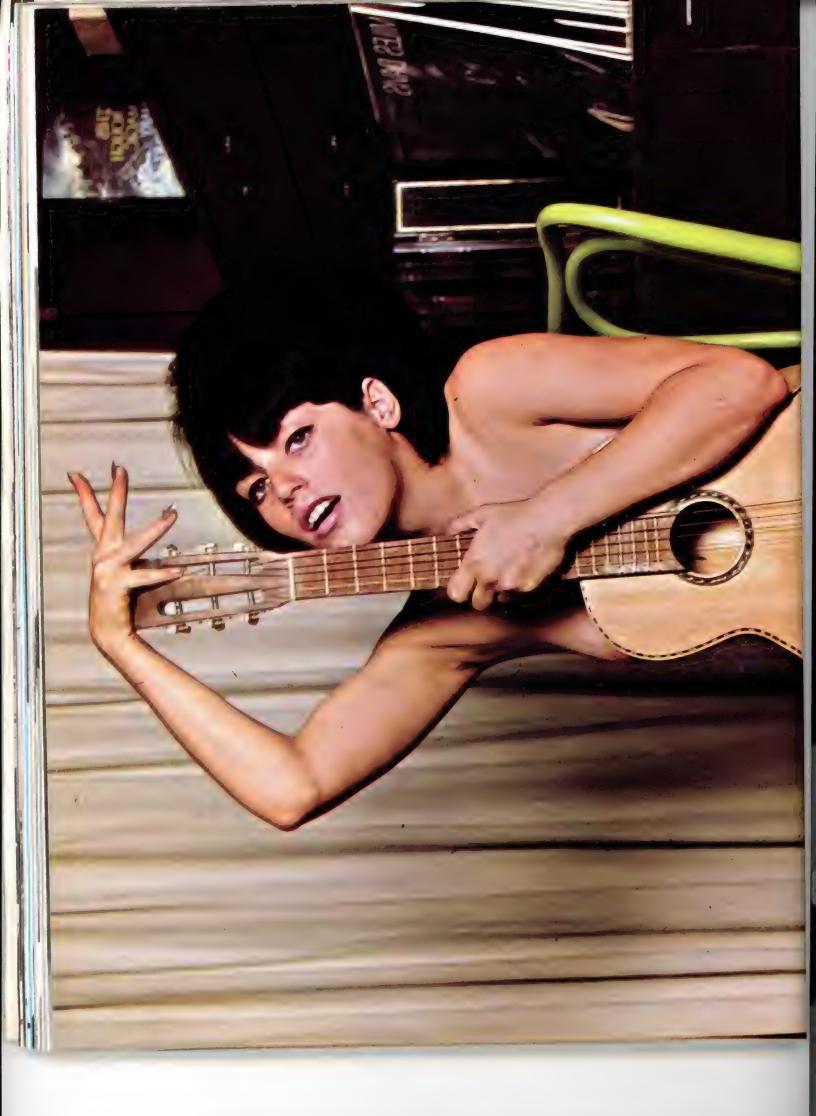














REPORT ON RUBBER GOODS

Although the condom, a venerable manner of contraception, continues to be utilized by millions of men and boys every year, the existence of this small but rather efficient safeguard is a closely kept secret of sorts. While certain other methods of contraception are advertised in the women's magazines and the wish books - mail order catalogs - and thoroughly evaluated by the medical experts of Reader's Digest, the Post, McCall's, the condom, despite its wide usage, is still treated as slightly illegal merchandise in somewhat the same category as French post cards and pornographic playing cards. The friendly, cut-rate drug emporiums and even the sprawling supermarkets feature rows of the very latest methods

of practicing safe and sane sex, attractively boxed and bottled — only the rubber goods is missing from this carnival of contraceptives. Condoms, thanks to laws put in force through the extensive efforts of the major manufacturers, we must, often red-faced and heavy with embarrassment, purchase only from a white-coated, antiseptic druggist. It's one of our more baffling customs.

While several fanciful stories have been advanced to account for the origin of the "rubber," the "skin," the "French safe," its earliest application still remains a mystery to researchers. One Gabriello Fallopius, Italian and inventive, is said to have made his own pristine prophylactics from fine linen, although the



first kind of condoms to find wide acceptance were probably those made from lamb intestines. As for the name itself - the original name, at least — there are theories enough to satisfy any etymologist, but which of the explanations is the correct one? One tale that has had a rather wide circulation among the condom-conscious, concerns the good Dr. Condon, or Conton, or Condom, an English sawbones. The story has a nice ring of authenticity, it ties up the loose ends neatly, but, sadly, the experts say that it never happened. Fact or fiction, the innovation supposedly dates back to 1750 when a doctor-dabbler named Condon introduced his "finger stalls" to Londoners. The invention soon appeared across the Channel where the French were quick to label them as "English frock coats." To the curious, condoms - the name was claimed to be a misuse of Dr. Condon's own - were described so: "They are small bags which unite the advantage of rendering the male organ perfectly secure against infection and that of being seamless. They are manufactured from the blind gut of the lamb, washed, dried, and made supple by rubbing them between the palms of the hands with bran and a little almond oil. . . ." While the condom, whatever its origin, was unquestionably a boon to mankind - and womankind - the clergy was overwhelmingly set against the dispersal and usage of this contraceptive. The stern, unrelenting clerical disapproval is possibly the largest reason for the "sold for the prevention of disease only" that is found in large print on many brands of condoms today, a homegrown hypocrisy. Even mail order distributors who deal in rubber goods are careful to include such protective clauses as ". . . and to be used, intended, or adapted for prevention of disease only." The mail order market would seem to be the most lucrative of fields for the condom manufacturer but, actually, a relatively small percentage of this variety of contraceptive is sold in this manner. The great share of the trade in this necessary commodity is over the drug counter, an arrangement that handsomely benefits the profit-prone druggist - who sells rubber goods at a hefty mark-up - as well as protecting the manufacturer from such evils as price-cutting. They're a tight little group, the manufacturers. A mere four rubber companies, reports a sex confessional, produce slightly more than 95% of the condoms



that Americans love best — a lot of oldfangled rubber goods. And let no man question the wisdom of peddling prophylactics through one exclusive outlet. Youngs Rubber Corporation, giant of the condom makers, originally conceived the scheme of merchandising its product by means of the smiling symbol of health-at-a-price, the druggist. Since the 1920s, with the cooperation of doctors, parent-teacher organizations, certain religious factions, and sympathetic city and state legislatures, Youngs Rubber Corporation has been very influential in hatching laws that prohibit the sale of condoms anywhere but in the drugstore. In answer to a request for prophylactics by mail Youngs Rubber Corporation replies with a form letter:

Dear Sir:

In response to your request, we are sending you this brochure featuring Youngs items to acquaint you with our Company . . . our

Policy and our Products.

For more than 30 years, Youngs Rubber Corporation has manufactured the finest quality prophylactics on the market. Our production methods result in the superiority of TROJANS and our other prophylactics.

In the best interest of public health and morals, Youngs Rubber Corporation's products are sold through drug stores exclusively, for the druggist is a professional member of

your community health team.

If you are further interested in any of our items, we respectfully refer you to any drug store of your choice where the pharmacist will be glad to advise you. In the event that the package of your choice is not in stock, the pharmacist can obtain it within a couple of days from his wholesaler.

Cordially yours,

YOUNGS RUBBER CORPORATION

John C. MacFarlane

President

Certainly, the last word in rubber goods, the vulcanized ultimate, is the redoubtable French tickler," a condom, a simple run-ofthe-assembly-line condom that has felt the tender touch of the artist. These brilliant monstrosities, invariably sold under the counter, are available in living, livid Technicolor, a ribald rainbow of raucous hues - pure purple, electric, electrifying blue, sickly chartreuse, ripe orange, firetruck red. And there, in that rubbery wilderness, are as many variations on the basic theme as imaginative designers and builders can come up with. Ticklers? These nuisances come in all exaggerated sizes, shapes, lengths, complete with humps, bumps, warts, rings, and ridges, gnarled by knobs, festooned with feathers. One model, kingsized, sports an extension of hard rubber, this presumably for status seekers. As for the nomenclature of these wondrous works of art, they are as unpredictable as any French tickler. Nelson Algren's masterfully outspoken novel, A Walk On The Wild Side, offers the neophyte a brief but fascinating glimpse of a tickler factory, a never-never land of 100% pure latex. Here Algren's hero, Dove Linkhorn, employed for a time in a Disneyland of erotic design, dabbled among a plethora of notoriously named prophylactics: Cupid's Arrows, Ticklish Tessies, Laughing Maggies, Ding-Dong Darlings, Happy Hannahs, Barney Googles, Love's Fancies, and the truly super-duper, O-Daddy, the condom of tomorrow.

Although the "French tickler" is a comparatively new innovation among man's erotic contraptions, the practice of embellishing the male organ by various methods is centuries-old, particularly in certain Asiatic countries. Burmese

gentlemen, by means of a bit of do-it-your-self surgery, are able to attach tiny rods of ivory or metal, brushes, bristles, or whatever artificial aids seem appropriate to the sexual situation. Other decorations used by inventive lovers include a binding of goat skin, small stones or balls, the down from the feathers of birds, a goat's eyelashes. The Indian manual of manners relating to love and intimate relations, the *Kama Sutra*, lists several methods of embellishment known in India as "apadravyas." This instructive volume also mentions the same type of operation as that practiced by the

Dyaks of Borneo: '. . . when a young man pierces his lingam, he should pierce it with a sharp tool, and then continue to stand in water until the blood ceares to flow. At night, he shall engage in sexual congress, even with intensity, in order to clease the hole. Later he should continue to wash the hole with decoctions, and put into it small pieces of cane, thus enlarging the orifice. Into the hole thus made in the lingam, a man may put apadravyas of various forms, such as the "round," the "round on one side," "the wooden mortar," "the armlet," "the flower," "the bone of the heron," "the goad of the elephant," "the collection of eight "the lock of hair," "the place where four roads meet," and others named by their forms and manners of using them. All of the apadravyas should be rough on the outside according to their requirements . . . By comparison, the tickler, admittedly a kind of surrealistic prophylactic, seems far less spectacular. The condom, for all of its under-the-counter connotations, is merely prosaic in the company of such truly erotic paraphernalia.

BROAD ALLEY by Ron Viers (PL-501) 95c Vier PASSION TREE by Lynton Wright Brent (FB 1017) 95c CANDY by Maxwell Ken Con 95c

CENTER SPREAD by Kanter (PL.509) 95c

SWAP ME DADDY by Jordan King (MM 62) 95c SEX ANGEL by Byron Woolfe (WL 115) 95c

THE ORGY-FOR-LUNCH BUNCH by Kenneth M Harvey (BLB-202) 95c MAMMA DYKE by Anon (BLB-201) 95c

TASSIONATE SERIL AT FORT DMANANE by Lyn on Wright Beat (FB - 1020) 950 ESERT by Lynno Wright Beat (FB - 1021) 950 ESERT by Simon Kloppa (BL - 105) 950

M.ISTRESS OF THE BOMNED BANK OF John Dawid on (W. 116) 95c. ERAWY HILL by John Cleland 95c. GANVAS by UST ON CANVAS by PSC. THE GAY BUNCH by LIUZ) 95c. ION Wright Brent (W.-112) 95c.

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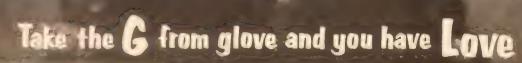
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THERE IS A STRANGE, AWE-SOME, breathtaking beauty in gloves. On the surface, gloves serve a decorative purpose. But beneath it all, the hand that wears the glove has a powerful significance. Dating back to the days when gloves were worn by executioners to avoid soiling their hands, these coverings always inspire respect and an element of beauty which cannot be equalled. After all, a pair of naked hands cannot compare in beauty to a pair of silk, lacey-fringed doeskin lined gloves.





The earliest mention of gloves occurs in the Bible where Rebecca, in order to obtain the birthright for her son Jacob, covered his hands with skins so that his father Isaac should not recognize the younger from the elder sons. Even from the beginning, gloves had a powerful significance.

The origin of gloves may be traced back to the days when there was a want for a covering of the hands. Elegant persons of either sex would wear garments with very long and loose sleeves which would fall over the wrists and hands. The first time actual gloves were worn dates back to the 12th century. The noted authority, Planché, in his History of British Costume explains that after the time of Henry I, (A.D. 1135) gloves, "some short, some reaching nearly to the elbows, embroidered at the tops and jewelled at the backs if pertaining to Princes or Prelates, became frequent."

As time went on, gloves became more popular. There is a monument in Norwich Cathedral to Bishop Goldwell, representing a full-length effigy, on the hands of which may be seen gloves with jewelled backs. When Henry II died in 1189 A.D., and was buried at Fontevrault, he wore his coronation robes, golden crown as well

as his Imperial purple velvet gloves.

During the reign of Henry VIII, gloves became more elaborately embroidered. The good Queen Bess inaugurated the custom of wearing perfumed gloves — this custom was imitated by ladies and gentlemen of the Court. In the early part of the 16th century, a peculiar glove appeared — slits were cut in the fingers of the gloves in order to display the dazzling jewelled rings on the wearers' hands.

We read in Stow's Annals (page 868) how "milliners or haberdashers had not any gloves embroidered or trimmed with gold or silk; neither gold nor embroidered girdles and hangers, neither could they make any costly wash (fragrance) or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Oxford came from Italy and brought with him gloves: sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin and other pleasant things. In that year, the Queen had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed only with four tufts or roses of colored silk. The Queen took such pleasure in those gloves that she was pictured with them upon her hands for many years."

Gloves have also been used as an emblem; sometimes as a love token, or as a sign of defiance. They have been presented to kings and queens by loyal subjects when visiting the houses of noblemen.

The warrior would use an iron gauntlet upon which engraving with fearsome oaths would replace the fancy jewels and dainty embroidery. Gloves were also used as weapons; a strike against the body

of an enemy could produce intense pain . . . if the gloves were made of chain mail and fringed with razor-sharp fish hooks. Early dueling enemies would start by slapping the face of the offended with a silk or leather glove.

Today, we know gloves as being tight fitting and rather utilitarian. But, let's dip back into the colorful past and examine gloves that were designed and worn for the sheer beauty of it all.

The oldest preserved gloves were probably designed in 1379 for the famed Bishop Wykeham. They are pale red color, made of crimson, purl knitted silk, embroidered on the backs and cuffs with gold. The octagon designs round the cuffs are separated by small squares of green silk; a double band of gold embroidery encircled each finger and thumb. The cuffs were lined with crimson silk. The circles on the back of the hand, with sixteen flamepointed arms, surround a sacred monogram.

King Henry VI, in the 15th century, prized a pair of fine brown Spanish leather gloves, lined with deer skin, tanned with the hair on. The gauntlets reached to the elbow and could be turned down at will.

Here are some interesting dueling or battle gloves, worn by dominating soldiers, in the 15th and 16th centuries. An armoured leather glove was made of coarse buff-coloured canvas, with plates of russet iron overlapping each other riveted on strips of stout leather which were stitched to the glove itself. There are eight of these protecting plates on the back of the hand and eight more on the under side. Each plate terminates in an engraved and gilded band.

Here's an interesting tale regarding gloves and executions the victim none other than Mary, Queen of Scots. Froude's History of England, (Vol. XII, page 332) describes the fateful event in February, 1586. The convicted Queen wore "a robe of black satin: her jacket was of black satin also looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. After her prayers were finished, she rose and prepared." The two burly executioners offered to help her but she refused, saying, "'Truly, my lords,' turning with a smile to the Earls standing near, 'I never had such grooms waiting on me before!"

"The black robe was next removed, below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold. with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot." It was assumed that the Queen was garbed entirely in black on entering the hall. She should have been wearing light leather gloves, embroidered with gay colours and silver lace. Froude continues. "Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relic should be carried off to work 'imaginary miracles' . . . beads, Paternoster, handkerchief - each article of dress which the blood had touched with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd."

It is assumed that the gloves she wore on the morning of the execution were not burned...perhaps they were removed before Queen Mary knelt at the block and therefore would be untouched by the blood. Curiously, the lining of the gauntlet is of *crimson satin*, the same "blood-red" colour mentioned by Froude. The reason for the emphasis by historians upon the Queen's gloves is that the populace and nobility regarded them as being apart from other garments and worthy of special significance.

An unusual pair of leather gloves was worn by King James I in early 17th century. The back seams of the fingers were stitched with gold thread; the deep gauntlets were covered with alternate bands of red satin and gold-thread ribbon-lace, with an edging of silver tinsel, and fringed with spangled gold thread.

Gloves took a turn for the worse under the regime of Oliver Cromwell. He imposed a sturdy and workaday appearance. His own gloves were made of stout darkish grey leather, with plain stitching of the finger seams and on the back of the hands. The wide gauntlets had a heavy thick fringe of twisted brown silk. Simple, durable — but very unpopular. Small wonder that Cromwell was defeated and a return to the luxury of the royalty demanded.

What did the well-dressed lady wear in the way of gloves? One elaborate pair was made of pale warm-coloured buff leather. The stitching of the seams of the thumbs and fingers are of green silk; very fine, terminating below the knuckles in a pointed pattern. A much larger and more elaborated pattern is on the palm. The gauntlets are sewn onto the gloves, made of dark claret-coloured silk, richly embroidered with gold and

silver gimp and gold cord, also profusely spangled with silver discs. A design similar to the famed Prince of Wales' feathers, is thrice repeated on each gauntlet. A narrow band of gold lace divides the cuff from the glove.

Gloves have always had a dy namic appeal. Apart from their functional purposes, they have more erotic significances. For example, the wearer of a glove imparts an aura of authority. The "hand that wears the glove must be kissed" is a sign of obedience. Many errant persons are often punished by a hand which wears a glove. And secreted within a glove may be very severe imple-

ments of punishment. The fact that

they are hidden from sight only

adds to the terrifying nature of

Gloves also serve an aphrodisiacal quality. The skin of the glove is softer, more intimate, more stimulating than the bare flesh in many instances. When a lover caresses her mate with silken or leather gloved hands, it sends electrifying waves of passion throughout his body and he responds with remarkable speed. The same hand, were it exposed, might also provoke sensations but of a different sort. That is why gloves are in a

In olden days, an aroused person would remove his gloves and slap the face of his opponent with the limp glove. It was an insult leading to a duel! In modern times, the aroused person doesn't bother removing the glove. It has much more power when worn! Try it and see!

class by themselves.

The End



